

THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Asperum

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Contents

MY SCRAPBOOK	3
ANNOUNCEMENT	4
VALUES (<i>Prize Poem</i>)	5
AND BEHOLD—(<i>Story</i>)	6
MEN	8
THE BLACK REBEL (<i>Story</i>)	9
FLORIDIAN WINTER (<i>Poem</i>)	11
SHADOWS AND SUNSHINE (<i>Story</i>)	12
THE MASTER ARTIST (<i>Poem</i>)	14
EDITORIAL SECTION:	
HAIL! WESLEYAN THOU EMBLEM	15
HAVE YOU A COMPLEX?	17
READ AWHILE	16
ALUMNAE LINKS	19
TO WESLEYAN (<i>Poem</i>)	20
KING O'HEARTS (<i>Story</i>)	21
IN THE HEART OF THE EVERGLADES	25
FRESHMAN TIMES (<i>Poem</i>)	27
THE SUNRISE	28
OCTOBER (<i>Poem</i>)	32
EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT	33
CATCH-ALL DEPARTMENT	34
HUGH PERCY TO HIS LADY LOVE (<i>Poem</i>)	35
CHIHUAHUA (<i>Part I</i>)	36



My Scrapbook

*A line of verse, a simple tale
Flash on my memory dim,
From o'er the waves from yesteryear,
'Cross memory's ocean rim.*

*The stories told and bits of rhyme
Mere writings to you seem,
Much more they are to one whose watched
The spark of genius gleam.*

*This precious volume holds them all
So priceless from their pen
This faded, leaf-etched magazine
'Tis called THE WESLEYAN.*

Announcing

The Winner of the Poetry
Contest for the October
Issue of the Wesleyan

MISS ISABELLA HARRIS

(CLASS OF 1926)

With the Poem "Values."
The Prize to be Five
Dollars in Gold :-:



*The November Contest will
be in Short Story Writing.*

Values

By ISABELLA DEAS HARRIS.

*The sky is blue.
Why trouble you
O'er woes unseen impending?
A fleecy cloud,
By weight unbowed,
A brighter day's portending.*

*The golden rod
Upon the sod
A gala pattern's weaving.
A flash of light
Not half so bright
Could chase away your grieving.*

*The air is still.
Across the hill
A wisp of smoke is flying.
Your sky, your earth,
Your home are worth
Much more to you than sighing.*



*And Behold---**By FAIRFID MONSALVATGE.*

PHILIP Marsden was disgusted with life. And why not? There was nothing for him to do but to spend his Dad's millions, and to hold high the Marsden name; the Boston Marsdens, if you please. It was there that the rub came, for Phil could never resist a pretty girl. Mr. Marsden, senior, had watched this overfondness for blonde curls and dimples with a growing dismay. Finally he gave his son a much needed parental lecture.

Phil hated it, but he heeded, for since he had grown too large for weekly paddlings, Mr. Marsden had developed a strong line of man-talk that was not to be ignored.

Phil to stop, did it? Lazy, was he? Pretty girls? Did the old man think he was a kid? All right then he would show Dad a thing or two. He would give him the surprise of his life. What a corking idea! And so, aroused by his reflections, Phil vowed to come South and marry the first ugly girl he met.

The "City of St. Louis" docked at the historic old wharves of Savannah about two weeks after, and the first person to leave the boat was Phil—primed for the Big Adventure.

Thinking a country girl would be best suited for his purpose, he asked the hotel clerk about a quiet village near Savannah where he could rest.

"A quiet place, sir? On the coast? Well, there's Thunderbolt and Vernon View, but—Mr. Marsden, I believe you would like Shirleyville. It's about thirty miles from here. There's nothing there

but boating and fishing, but the quiet would surely soothe your nerves. Best place for nerves in the world."

It was a dear old place, although he did not appreciate it at first. He did not realize that there was a heart pulsing under its placid main street when he was wondering how he could endure it until he gained his prize. The people were still fighting the Civil War, and they told him how Mist' Shirley lived in the "manshun" on the hill and had a "hunderd" slaves; how there's an attic—

Thus it was that Shirleyville was shaken to its moss covered foundations. A real millionaire! Shirleyville gossiped about Phil to the last man—and woman. The Ladies Aid held up its "helping hand" in a body at the texture of his silk pajamas. This was no secret of his own for "Sis" Wilkins took care of his room at the hotel. The girls of the village sighed over him and dreamed impossible dreams. They prinked and preened for him, but Phil did not see their charms.

There was one girl who kept herself in the background, curious but not romantic about him. She was Joan Thorpe, the last of the fine old Thorpe family, but far removed from the grandeur that had been theirs. She lived alone with Mammy in a modest little cabin. It was Mammy who found bits of work for her to do, who cooked her meals and, far too often, provided them.

Joan had nothing to recommend her. Her eyes were a clear gray, but she had a habit of squinting them. She had

scrawny arms which made her appear all angles. Her hair was a fiery red, straight and stringy at that. Her mouth was hard and aggressive. Thus Joan!

She felt her ugliness and kept away from other girls who jeered. Joan gloried in the "great out-of-doors." There was one place above all the rest that she had made entirely her own. It was a rounded bluff, rolling gently down into the marsh grass. There were giant water oaks covered with Spanish moss which told her secrets and listened to hers.

Phil was tramping about the place supremely unconscious of the flurry he had caused but rather disgusted with life. Suddenly from directly in front of him came a woman's voice singing. It was no trained voice but it possessed a sweet rich quality that attracted him. He rushed on and stumbled onto Joan's little retreat. Her back was toward him and his practiced eye saw at a glance her trim ankles and slender figure. She went on singing; a thing of her own composition about skies, birds, trees and love. Phil was entranced as she sang and listened until the last note had ceased.

"I say," he remarked, "That's a fine voice you have."

Joan whirled around in alarm.

"Er——," he could not finish. My what a face; what stark ugliness; such a hard mouth and hideous stringy hair.

Thoughts are queer, tricky things and in the merest part of a second Phil had decided—here was the future Mrs. Marsden.

"What are you doing here?" he heard her ask.

"Why, your song drew me here. The sound of your voice reached me over

yonder and I couldn't help following it. Yours is really a glorious voice, you know. Won't you sing again? I'm Philip Marsden, Miss——"

"J-J-Joan Thorpe. Do you really think I can sing?" she queried, breathless at the new experience of talking to a millionaire, "I have wanted to study—always."

"It's working out," Phil exalted. And so he encouraged her about her voice and arranged for another meeting here to hear her sing. Soon he would ask her to marry him. "Wouldn't Dad squirm if he knew? The gods were good to him indeed."

One day Phil asked her:—

"Joan, I've thought a lot about those dreams of yours and I want to help realize them. I want to see you studying in Boston; see you make a name for yourself. But there is only one way that I can see for you to do it and that is to marry me. Will you, Joan?"

"M-Marry you!" gasped Joan.

"Yes, you see it could be an entirely business marriage. I would send you to mother for training. I would never bother you and you could have your entire time for study. I won't be back in Boston for seven years yet, and then we would have the marriage annulled. Won't you, Joan—please?" he said winningly.

"But, Mr. Phil—to study in Boston? Oh, oh, oh—what makes you so kind to me? Marry you? But you forget, I'm just Joan Thorpe, and you are—you! In Boston. Oh, you're so wonderfully good to me. Yes, Mr. Phil, I will—I will. Please, thank you——," and in her gratitude she did

(Continued on page 38)

Men

By MARY GODWIN

MEN, as a whole, are about the vainest creatures alive. Of course, we all know that peacocks and several other members of the animal kingdom are vain, but their vanity fades into oblivion when compared with the vanity of a vain man. However, men have several advantages over peacocks. One advantage is that men can wear nice looking shoes, while the poor peacock must be forever humiliated by his ugly feet. Peacocks can only strut, but vain men can strut, talk, pose, act, and do many other things of which the peacock has no knowledge.

I read an article in the Atlanta Journal recently, in which the writer said that Rudolph Valentino was very natural, unassuming, and above all not aware of his handsomeness. Poor writer! She, for the writer was a woman, was deceived. Rudolph managed his vainness so well, and had practiced being natural so long, that she could not tell it from the real thing. Let me warn you, reader, that no man is unaware of his manly beauty, his Apollo-like figure, or any physical perfection that he may have. If a man has the figure of a discus-thrower, you may put it down that he will spend as much of next summer as possible at the seashore. If a man has teeth like a Colgate advertisement, or a profile like an Arrow collar man, you can rest as-



sured that he will never neglect an opportunity of displaying them to their best advantage. Have you ever noticed how much bald-headed men wear hats? Some, especially men, say that the continual wearing of a hat causes men to be bald. Believe it not, they wear hats because they are bald.

Even men, who have no physical perfections, are vain. Their vanity may be caused by their wealth, their social position, or their great intellect. Of these vanities, the vanity of intellect is, without doubt, the worst vanity of all. A man who is vain because of his knowledge gives no one any credit for any sense whatever. One day, last summer, I had the misfortune of being left to entertain a certain man for two hours. Before the two hours expired, I knew, or rather he told me, that he was graduated from West Point, had been around the world twice, and had a country estate near Atlanta. A sure cure for the non-believer in masculine vanity is a two-hour conversation with, or rather by, such a man.

*She sat on the steps in the eventide,
Enjoying the balmy aid;
He came and asked, could he sit by
her side?—
And she gave him a vacant stair.
—“Lehigh Burr.”*

The Black Rebel

By LILIAS BALDWIN.

THE people on the Tharpe plantation were very excited over the progress of the war. All during the day the slaves could be seen hurrying from the "big house" to their own quarters. The quarters were situated about one hundred yards from the house and were painted white. The very atmosphere seemed to express their love and loyalty to their master.

On this particular day little bunches of negroes were gathered everywhere busily talking. The Yankees had at last reached this part of the country and had placed their camp on the other side of the hill. The slaves were helping Marse Henry hide his most valuable possessions from the enemy.

Marse Henry, who was also very disturbed, sat talking to his overseer, Uncle Murray Tuggle. Uncle Murray loved his master dearly and also Marse Tharpe's little granddaughter, Maria. Having lived with the Tharpe family for fifty years, he was considered one of the family. He was trusted with the keys to the crib, stables, and chicken houses, and no one dared doubt his honesty. Marse Henry spoke first:

"Uncle Murray, have you seen any of the Yankees hanging around here?"

"Lor', no, sir, Marse Henry, and I don't want to see none of dem. Ha! ha! I asked my little grandson, Mose, what dey looked like and he said, 'The Yankees looks jest like billy-goats!' I wish dey could hear his 'scription of dem."

"Do you think that they will cause much trouble among the slaves on my plantation?"

"If any of dese here niggers go to foolin' 'round with dat white trash, I'll blow dey drains out."

"But, Uncle Murray, they are fighting for your liberty and equality."

"Well, sir! Ef dat is what dey is fighting for dey can jest stop right now, 'cause we's satisfied jest as we is."

"You should realize that it will mean no more buying and selling of slaves. You would be your own boss and there would be no masters."

"But, Marster, what would us niggers do ef we didn't have you to depend on for our bread and meat?"

"I started to ask you if any of the slaves have been near the enemies' camp?"

"I think that a few of the chillun is been down dar to see what dey is doing."

"I do not mind the children going down there just so they do not impart any knowledge as to where the Southern army is situated."

"Lor', Marse Henry, you knows dat I am de only one what knows dat and dey would have to kill me 'fore I would tell."

"That is one thing that no one must know. Do you hear me? No one must know it."

With this parting message Marse Henry got up from the stump on which he was seated and walked into the house. Uncle Murray sat very still thinking seriously over his master's last

statement. He was startled by hearing his name called.

"Uncle Murray! Uncle Murray!"

"Yas'm, Baby, what does you want with his ol' nigger?"

"I want to know," said ten-year-old Maria, "why everyone looks so quiet. When I even speak to grandpa, he looks cross, and says, 'Go away, Baby, I am busy.'"

"Honey, don't you worry your gran'pa case he is got a plenty to worry him 'thoughten your questions."

"Uncle Murray, can't you tell me what it is about?"

"Well, Chile, it is dis way. Dem Yankees is camped over the hill and not far from here is de Southern Camp. Marse Henry is afraid that some of his niggers will tell the Yankees somepun'."

"Oh! Let's you and I don't let them do that because it worries my grandpa. Uncle Murray, you won't let those old bad men hurt my grandpa, will you? Because you see I love him."

"Yes, Baby, we bof love him and we'll do our bes' to keep Marse Henry from a-worrying. I 'spose dat I had better go on home 'case I hear Mandy calling me."

Uncle Murray walked slowly to his cabin which was in a clump of trees and could not be seen from the "big house." He did not look up until he reached his home because he thought Mandy wanted him to do some work. When he raised his head, as he walked into the yard, he was greatly surprised to find himself confronted by five men dressed in blue. He thought he was in a dream but soon realized that it was true. The leader, Major Rosencranz, spoke to him and this startled him more than ever.

"Are you Murray Tuggle?"

"Yas sir, boss, yas sir."

"Do you work on the Tharpe plantation?"

"Yas sir."

"I have been told that you had a great influence over the negroes in this community."

"Yas sir. No sir, I means, no sir!"

"Well, I want you to——"

"I can't do nothing, boss, nothing 'tall."

"Wait until I quit speaking before you say that you can't do——"

"Ain't no use to wait 'case when you can't do a thing you jest can't do it."

"I want you to hush and let me talk. The next time that you interrupt me I will put a bullet through your heart."

"Lor', mister, please don't do dat. Uncle Murray ain't gwine talk no more," broke in Mandy who was standing at the edge of the group looking on, very frightened.

"Well, my army is camping over the hill and right now we are in need of provisions. We know of no other way of procuring food than by having you bring it to us."

"I will be glad to do it, sir, but I am scared that what I'se got won't do you-alls much good. All my hogs is right here and I ain't got many chickens neither."

"You're a fool, nigger. I don't want you to give me your own stuff. Don't you keep the keys to the crib and barn on the Tharpe plantation?"

"Yas sir, once in a while old marster will leave the keys with me but——"

"Have you got them now?"

"Naw sir. I ain't had 'em in a long time now, 'case Marse Henry was skaid somebody 'ould steal 'em from me."

(Continued on page 42)

Floridian Winter

By KATHLEEN BARDWELL, '24.

*Poinsettias strive to lift their heavy heads
To flaunt their flaming hue.
Grove after grove of golden shining fruit,
'Gainst foliage darkly green.
Floods of sunshine cast a magic light
That's colorful and warm.*



*Spanish moss droops wistful o'er the lake
And is reflected there
In beauty not so clear, but dreamy, sad.
A breeze, a little cool,
Springs up and blows a silver ripple there
Upon the silent lake.*

*Round topmost boughs of yon green oak are twined
Great balls of mistletoe.
Scarlet berries, a million tiny flames,
On holly trees.
The wind takes up a song among the pines,
Half singing and half moan.*

*And now the moon makes silver sands like snow,
And 'gainst the white,
Palmettos drop their shadows heavy black.
And now the lake
Is truly phantom like, all calm,
A place for fairy folk.*

Shadows and Sunshine

By HELOISA MARINHO.

The mass was over. Out of the arched doorway of the little white-washed chapel of Nossa Senhora da Gloria, a gayly chattering crowd poured into the sunny courtyard. Young men were forming an aisle to look at the passing girls. Every one tried his best to win a smile from the queen of his heart. An old negro woman with an air of importance was enticing the appetites of the more youthful churchgoers with cake and sweetmeats. Everybody seemed to be happy on this sunny morning. Even the beggars who were sitting near the church door expressed their satisfaction by mumbling, "May the Lord our God bless you, Senhora!" an unusual number of times. The beggars had cause for being thankful, for the Senhoritas were very generous this Sunday. That this generosity was based on the principle of not letting your left hand know what your right hand does can be seriously doubted. There were too many around on which the Senhoritas would fain make an impression as to the softness of their hearts.

An old gentleman and his daughter were now leaving the church. He had a proud bearing in spite of his years, and greeted his friends with the smile



of a man of means. Suddenly the sweet face of his daughter brightened with a gay smile of recognition. A young man came towards them and after embracing the old gentleman heartily, he kissed the girl's hand as he looked at her with something more than gallantry in his eyes.

"I won't bother you for a while," said the old gentleman pleasantly. "Jayme, don't you run away with my Marietta." Then patting the young man on the shoulder he added, "I will take care she does not smile on anybody else while you are gone, my boy."

The old gentleman joined a group of friends while the lovers sat down on a stone bench near the edge of the hill on which the chapel was situated. They could be together only a few minutes, for Jayme was going to leave that day. They were unusually quiet for there was so much to say that they could find no words to express it. They had too much confidence in their future happiness to be sad at the coming separation. They were sorry they had to part of course; but then Jayme would come back soon and they would be united for life. And then how could they help feeling anything but happiness when all the world

around them was so gay? Sunshine glittered on the feathery crowns of the proud royal palms, danced on the dark blue waters of the bay, and covered the green hills with a golden mist. When there is sunshine everywhere the existence of grief seems an impossibility.

In the meanwhile the old gentleman was talking to his friends. "Carvalho, you can be proud of your daughter and your future son-in-law," remarked one of the gentlemen. "When is the marriage going to be?"

"Not soon, not soon, my dear Souza," answered Sr. Carvalho. "As you know Jayme has just finished his studies in engineering. But he does not know anything yet! He must have practice! Practice goes over all theory, you know. He is going to help construct a railroad in the interior. It is a mistake to allow a man to marry before he is firmly established in life." Then smiling confidently, "When he comes back he will be rewarded with a nice dowry. Yes," he added with an air of experience, "on the long run all happiness depends on money! What are the romantic thoughts of youth but mere quixotic dreams which are soon dispelled, when there is no money to make them come true? But," he said referring to his watch, "the time for Jayme's departure is arriving. Good-bye, my friends."

When Sr. Carvalho passed the same group in the company of the lovers a few minutes later, one of the gentlemen remarked:

"Poor Carvalho, to hear him talk one might think he was a millionaire!"

"All visionaries like him," said another shaking his head, "can never realize their true situation."

Sr. Carvalho's friends were right. A few months later he lost his money and moved with his daughter to a little town of the interior to hide his poverty from the world. In this little town one afternoon in May, Marietta stopped on the steps of a church to speak to her father who was coming back from the postoffice. On seeing his daughter Sr. Carvalho halted his horse.

"Bringing fresh roses to the altar of the Virgin, eh?" He said with a kind smile. Marietta seemed not to have heard him. There were in her face traces of suffering which had transformed her from a girl into a woman.

"Are there"—she began asking in a timid voice. Sr. Carvalho's face darkened and avoiding her glance he said curtly.

"No, there are no letters from Jayme to-day." Then he added more cheerfully, "We soon will be back to Rio, and live as we did before. It is but a matter of a few weeks and I will recover everything! Cheer up, my child!"

Sr. Carvalho left with a flourish of his whip and a smile. But there was a peculiar tone in his cheering words which betrayed that he was beginning to realize that his hopes had no true foundation.

The May exercises were over; but Marietta stayed. The church was deserted now and its cool shades invited meditation. It was such a refreshing retreat from the dusty road and the din of traffic. Its Gothic arches joined overhead like praying hands. After all, is it not in the hour of doubt and grief that we most long for prayer? Marietta

(Continued on page 46)

The Master Artist

By DOROTHY MCKAY.

*Autumn marches, brush in hand,
To change a world of silent green
Into a painting, many colored.
Maple leaves he touches gently
Leaving bits of golden sunset
Tinted with the palest purple.
Sumac bushes through the summer
Faded, unremembered, blossoms
Sending forth their flaming red leaves
Like the dancing tongues of fire,
Autumn shades them deepest scarlet.
By the oak tree darts the painter
Changing emerald into ochre,
Blending in his rare burnt umber,
Touching all with streaks of scarlet.
So he marches through the woodland
Claiming every leaf his canvas,
Making every tree his easel,
Using sky and sun his colors.
Turning summer into autumn.*



EDITORIAL

Hail! Wesleyan Thou Emblem---

HOW it stirs our patriotism to carol forth in a body the Alma Mater. Have you ever thought of what "all that is grand" includes? A more inclusive term could not be found in a great lengthy discourse.

Given his choice Solomon took knowledge, understanding, and the riches and powers of the world were added to him. Wesleyan is an emblem of knowledge unto us, with this will come the riches of the world from literature and art. More paths of pleasure will be opened because of the understanding that comes with a full life and an educated mind.

Christ said in his parable of the talents "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance." Boundless is the power that will be added to those who have knowledge as a foundation.

But knowledge is not "all that is grand" of which Wesleyan is an emblem. Friendships, the golden band which holds the world in love and charity, these are emblems. School chums at the period when companionship moulds character, are they not valuable gifts from the Alma Mater? The Y. W. C. A. sign says "Have a friend by being one," and if you



*"Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend."*

We "Follow the Glean" as an emblem of the religion that Wesleyan means to her own. The beautiful name implies the following of the greatest of Methodist church fathers and this "grandeur" is ours as an inheritance from John Wesley.

Our duty, privilege, nay sacred trust, it is to bear this emblem to the world of "all that is grand."

Read Awhile

By FRANCES HORNER.



Reading, in its essential meaning involves two specific motives. The first of these, though not to my mind the most important (for I belong to the second class), is very useful and valuable to the student. This is the reading done by those desirous of knowledge, and as scholarly research. Under this type falls the parallel reading as done in secondary schools and colleges. Surely much benefit is derived from this, else the wise heads of the colleges would not require it. The other is the more pleasing and gratifying to one who likes reading for reading's sake, as in my particular case.

Surely, nothing is more delightful on a warm afternoon than to lie in a hammock hung in the shade of some kindly oak, swayed by a gentle breeze, with a large pitcher of some cooling beverage near by on a table and last but not least (meaning best of all), a good book, some late novel, for example. Then to settle back luxuriously among the pillows for an hour or two of indescribable pleasure!

Such is the gratifying delight of one who enjoys reading. Were that book some heavy piece of literature, such manifest pleasure would not be shown in its digestion; the afternoon would be unbearably hot, the insects would cause too much disturbance for reading, and the reading itself would be found too "dry."

My greatest delight, however, comes with the advent of cold weather. With the fire blazing cheerfully on the hearth and the light of the bleak winter day peering stealthily in as if afraid to intrude on the rosy brightness within, a plate of hot freshly popped corn sitting near (for one must know that the two faculties of eating and reading go hand in hand, the one mechanical, the other absorbing), and a big arm-chair drawn up to the fire; my joy is complete. This, of all others, is the time for Dickens, Thackeray and, in fact, all the worthwhile readings, for the senses are keener and the atmosphere more inviting for the full enjoyment of what is being read.

Did I infer that nothing was gained by pleasure reading? Let me correct myself, if this impression was gained by him who shall read

this feeble attempt of my pen, for reading, purely for the pleasure, turns out to be something better. A keener sense of thinking, reasoning and of knowledge is gained, for who could read such worthy authors mentioned above, however casually and not feel inspired in some measure? Then, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" and the person who reads for mental enjoyment is playing as surely as one who is out for the physical part.

Therefore, Reader, if your delight is, as mine, buried in rare pieces of literature, think not that time is wasted for, as Bacon says, "Reading maketh a full man."

Have You a Complex?

ALL of us that love light literature love the Saturday Evening Post. And it is safe to say that all lovers of the Post take an especially eager delight in that wise and witty page, "Short Turns and Encores." On this page a short time back there appeared weekly a series of pictorially conducted lectures on that greatly discussed subject, Complexes. Although these pictures could not, strictly speaking, be called beautiful, yet it must be said in their favor that they are excellent representations, for many of us have only too easily recognized ourselves in them. But just to make the thing a little more like a family portrait album we have decided to attempt the portrayal of a few complexes that seem to us especially applicable to the members of our Wesleyan family. Perhaps, should any of us recognize ourselves in these portraits, it may stimulate us to try to make the next one better looking. As the writer is unable to lay the slightest claim to artistic ability, in these portrayals the paint brush will have to give place to the pen.

A very dangerous complex and one which is much too common at Wesleyan, we shall call the Indifference Complex. Not only is it harmful in itself but it lies at the root of many others of ill-repute. Were there a picture to accompany the discussion of this complex it would be of a small, spoilt, and ancient dog asleep in the sun. A whistle and a brisk invitation to take a walk or ride call forth no greater response than a slow opening and closing of the eyes. In just such a manner do some of our Wesleyan friends respond to the vital interests of college life. A vague smile is as far as they get towards enthusiasm.

"What do you do in Y. W.?"

"Nothing, I can't be bothered."

The student publications are boring and not worth the money. It is a matter of indifference whether they are published or not. Student government regulations are given only enough attention to avoid restric-

tions. Sports are too much trouble, and even a flunk is not a matter to lose much sleep over. If a fly annoys our little dog friend, he weakly raises a leg and makes a poke at his side, slumping down again immediately with a sigh. So, if a suggestion of duty disturbs the calm of our indifferent girl she exerts herself just enough to remove the difficulty and soon slumps again. But just as the fly, whom the dog has not taken the trouble to drive away, but has only removed for the time being, will return to plague the animal, so the girl's annoyance will face her soon again. She can not long afford to wrap herself in a cloak of indifference, for the currents of energetic activity that are flowing all around her will soon penetrate her garment. She must move with the current.

A near relation to the Indifference Complex is the Get-By Complex. This might be represented by a picture of a young pig squeezing with much squealing under a gate. A large amount of noise is very characteristic of this complex, and is one of the features which distinguishes it from the Indifference Complex. A person suffering from the Get-By Complex never fails to publish it. Just before a test she moans and groans and tries very audibly to learn a little from someone else; and after the test is over and she just "Gets-By," her voice is continually raised in self-congratulation. Her code reads thus: With regard to lessons, do as little as you can to "Get-By;" with regard to student government, do all you can and "Get-By." This latter half of the code sets forth a characteristic of the complex which is very rare. Nevertheless, in extreme cases it sometimes manifests itself. It is a most deplorable symptom and should have immediate treatment.

There is a certain complex which has a very baleful influence, not only on the patient, but on all who come in contact with her. We may call it by the very old and familiar name of the "Grouch." A bull-dog with a Bolshevik beard might serve to illustrate this complex. It is very easily recognized. The characteristics are simple. The patient is obsessed with the idea that whatever is, is wrong. Plans for improvement of curriculum, associations, or regulations are drowned in waves of criticism. Nothing is right from the way the handkerchief is pressed to the way the teachers teach. The best known remedy for this complex is to bring the subject to a realization that perhaps, along with the rest of the world, she herself may be a "little off."

We hope it may be distinctly understood that the consideration of these complexes is not at all a criticism. It is nothing more than an analysis, whether psycho or otherwise.

Alumnae Links

By CLAUDIA DYKES.

The Wesleyan Alumnae department is anxious for any information or suggestion from any one who is interested in Wesleyan and the girls.

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To Miss Jennie Loyall, a Wesleyan graduate of 1914, and the new Wesleyan Alumnae Association secretary, our magazine extends a cordial welcome. We are glad to have her as a member of our household.

* * * * *

In a recent edition of The Wesleyan Christian Advocate there appeared two articles of great interest to our college. "Miss Louise Ballard, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. L. J. Ballard, left Thursday morning for Chicago to enter Northwestern University where she will be a student for two years which course secures her doctor's degree. Miss Ballard received the degree of A.B. from Wesleyan College in January and M.A. from Emory University in August this year. In her work at Northwestern she will major in religions."

"That religious education is receiving a new emphasis in Georgia is evidenced by the fact that Emory University, Wesleyan College, and LaGrange College have strengthened their religious departments and Reinhardt College has added the department at the beginning of the fall term.

"Wesleyan has broadened her repertoire in this department and put a well equipped, full-time, instructor at its head, Miss Lois Rogers. That the forward step will increase interest in this impor-

tant phase of Wesleyan's work goes without saying.

"Miss Colleen Sharp, who heads the new department at Reinhardt, is a graduate of Wesleyan ('24) and a student in Standard Training Course. She will offer courses leading to a diploma in the S. T. C."

* * * * *

Mrs. Sun Yat Sen, wife of the first president of China, who attended Wesleyan College several years ago as Miss Chung Ling Soong, has recently sent a donation of \$500 to the college as a contribution toward the Greater Wesleyan campaign.

* * * * *

And now where are the girls who were here last year? Some of them we do not know about yet.

FOR THE CLASS OF '24.

Alice Aven, teaching in Macon;
Lillian Budd has a scholarship to Wesleyan conservatory;
Aurelia Cooper, teaching in Perry;
Ailene Corry, teaching in Greensboro;
Catherine Craig, in Lakeland, Fla.;
Sara Crum, in Cordele;
Margaret Cutter is teaching at Wesleyan;
Martha Farrar is in Macon;
Caroline Fulghum is in Macon;
Lessie Mae Hall has a scholarship to Northwestern University;
Mary Harwell is at Fort Gaines;
Ruth Holden, teaching in Waynesboro;

(Continued on page 55)

To Wesleyan

By EUNICE THOMSON.

*Across the four-score winters that have fled
 An echo comes to us of voices dead,—
 Thy first fair daughters who in memory still
 Live now, O Wesleyan, on thy ancient hill!
 Thy towers where the Past is lingering on
 Still breathe a fragrance of the years long gone;
 And as we view the dreams our hearts hold fast,
 The living, lasting glories of thy past,
 We honor each tradition that appears,
 O thou great Wesleyan of the Yesteryears!*

*The picture fades and vanishes away,
 We see instead, thy beauties of to-day,
 Thy lawns and gardens decked with roses fair,
 The spirit of true friendship resting there:
 The duties we have answered, and the score
 Of pleasures we have known within thy door,—
 Nor time nor change whatever change may be
 Can ever touch our loyalty to thee,
 More blest than in the years that passed away,
 O thou great Wesleyan of the Present Day!*

*From out the vale of things we can not see,
 There comes a whisper of the years to be
 A promise that thy future shall be far,
 Far greater than thy Past and Present are!
 A voice that says thy fame shall be unfurled
 And spread abroad through all the listening world,
 And from thy history of the long ago,
 And from our loyalty to days we know
 Our dreams and longings ever turn to thee,
 Thou Greater Wesleyan of the years to be!*

King O' Hearts

By MARY MARSH.

"But, Mother, he hit me first!"

"Well, a little gentleman should not hit a little lady, but a little lady certainly should not hit back."

"Aw—but, mother, I didn't hurt him! He just hollered so's I'd stop."

"Anne, this is the third time this week I've had to scold you about fighting. What am I to do? You're too big to be spanked anymore. Can't I reason with you. I've tried over and over again to persuade you to be ladylike."

"But, mother, can't you see? He hit me *first*!"

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I will simply have to talk to your father!"

Poor little Mrs. Hilburn! And when she did talk to Anne's father and reported the most recent battle, the fun-loving doctor chuckled, shook around his waist line, which was proportioned like that of most people of his nature, and a grin of admiration spread over his face as he meditated, "And that boy is twice as big as she is."

"Oh, but, daddy," protested his exasperated little wife, "Can't you be serious?"

"Don't worry so, little mother. She will outgrow it." And he patted his wife good-naturedly on the back and went out chuckling, leaving her with a perplexed frown on her forehead still.



This was just one of the many scenes of this nature that occurred in the Hilburn home. The friendly physician, with his wife and young daughter, had recently moved from a neighboring town into the old Mason house on Maple avenue. Dr. Edward Kingman Hilburn was loved and respected by

many friends on account of his jovial nature as a man, and his gentle care as a physician. Mrs. Hilburn was a splendid leader in the Missionary Society and was an active church worker. But Anne Kingman Hilburn, better known as King, who completed the family circle, was the most popular of them all. The old ladies loved her because she admired their flower gardens and praised their teacakes as well. The old men loved her because she was a good listener to the stories they liked to tell. All of the mother's friends and neighbors loved her because she was always so ready and willing to run up town to get lemons, white cotton thread, or return patterns. The children loved her because she was a "good sport."

It is not enough to say that the boys with whom she played loved her. They simply worshipped her. Never had they seen a girl that could spin a top like King could. She could do anything from walking on her hands to "inhaling" the smoke from "Rabbit Tobacco" cigar-

ettes, and she could blow smoke rings! She taught them how to chew coffee after smoking so their mothers could not smell the tobacco on their breath. And fight? She could whip anybody!

All summer long King played "pirut" and "circus" and "hospital" out in the barn with all the boys of the neighborhood, while all of the other little girls were playing paper dolls, except red-headed, freckled faced, Mabel Jones who gave them up reluctantly to follow her idolized leader. The drug store on the first floor of the barn was very realistic with its boxes of pills rolled out of dough and its bottles of bright colored medicines made by squeezing old colored wall-paper in water until the desired chemical was procured. There was red medicine for bruises, green for headaches, and blue for curing the effects of eating green apples and peaches. The pills were given in place of castor oil. The drug store with its medicine and bandages was quite convenient to the hospital located on the top floor of the old barn. There were stretchers made of poles and "crocker sacks" and an operating table covered with oil-cloth, and all kinds of surgical instruments discarded by King's father. Many wonderful surgical operations were performed in that humble place and should they be made known the scientific world would be astounded.

Many were the exploits of King and her followers. But soon the long dreaded September came with its school and lessons. Mrs. Hilburn had hopes that her wayward offspring might be beneficially influenced by her new surroundings. King entered the third grade with Mabel Jones and all the little boys with whom she had been playing during the

summer. Soon she was the acknowledged captain of the whole class. Days of unusual calm passed after the beginning of school but one day at recess time the principal of the school was attracted by a group intensely interested in a conflict around which they were crowding. He made his way to the center of the group where he found King sitting squarely on the fat little chest of her victim who was none other than the principal's own son. She was seemingly pounding the life out of him but he was still able to scream and squirm.

The pair was led into the principal's office where King received a severe lecture on the old familiar subject of a lady's manners and she protested as usual, "But he hit me first!" She was proclaimed the heroine of the hour for certain after that.

That evening when Dr. Hilburn was backed into a corner of the post-office by Willie's father, the principal, and was forced to listen to the report of his daughter's misconduct, he made a brave effort to suppress his amusement and to appear concerned; and later when he confronted King it took even greater effort to play the role of stern parent, but he succeeded in persuading her that it was a very serious thing. He promised not to tell her mother this time; therefore, mother wondered why he was chuckling when he came into the kitchen as she was washing up the supper dishes.

From that time forth King managed to restrain her impulses at school and contented herself with one or two scrapes on Saturdays. The barn continued to be the favorite rendezvous of the gang, until suddenly and without warning a metamorphose occurred. King ceased

abruptly from attending her old haunts. The barn held no interests and nothing could induce her to play with "the crowd" anymore.

Every morning she went to school in a freshly starched gingham dress, sash carefully tied, socks pulled up precisely, and her wavy brown hair brushed carefully down. Mrs. Hilburn was delighted to see her come directly home from school in the afternoon in the same neat condition, instead of which stringy sash, dirty dress, and disappearing socks. The teacher felt ill at ease when she glanced at King and found her really studying her lessons. On Saturdays to the pleas of the boys, "Aw, come on out and see our new acting pole, King!" she would politely request them to call her Anne and declare that she was on her way over to Mary Elizabeth's to cut out paper dolls. The poor boys were deeply wounded and even more deeply puzzled that their idol should thus step down from her pedestal to the level of other girls. At school during recess she sat around with the girls and giggled and chattered instead of spinning a top or playing "knucks" as of old.

The whole town was interested in King Hilburn's reform. Mrs. Hilburn was absolutely stunned and wondered if her many talks had accomplished the wonderful result. Why Anne even got ready to go to Sunday school without a protest. Dr. Hilburn thought that she had simply outgrown her harum-scarumness.

In fact no one but Mabel Jones guessed the real reason of the sudden reaction. A short time before the actual change occurred the new preacher for the Presbyterian Church had moved to town with his family. In this family

there was a son who entered the fourth grade at school and who was soon admitted to the exclusive Maple avenue district gang. But nobody connected the two events. However, Mabel Jones had been with King that day when the aforementioned son came out of the manse and into King's life—and heart.

He walked casually down the path that led to the street, and King and Mabel were passing by. His black, smoothly brushed hair shone in the bright sunshine. His lean brown face was void of freckles. His eyes that should have been brown were an unusual blue. He wore a stiffly starched white blouse with a big blue tie that almost matched his eyes. And yes, his shoes were even shined and his socks unwrinkled. Now King's favorites never dressed like that except on Sunday and then they had to be forced to do so. King eyed him scornfully for a while and when she was sure he was near enough to hear she nudged Mabel and whispered hoarsely, "Lookit Percy." Said Percy glanced down contemptuously at King and in an icy tone declared that if she were a boy he would "show her." This was quite effective and so unexpected of an individual of his appearance that King could only stand open-mouthed and stare as that surprising person walked casually off down the street.

Now the most cruel fate that can befall a boy of Clarence Percival Madison's nature is to be tagged as it was his misfortune to be. King had touched his most "touchy" spot. A few black eyes and loosened teeth persuaded the gang that Clarence Percival preferred to be called Buck.

King never made any reference to

the incident of her first meeting with Buck nor did Mabel but then it was that her reformation began, much to her mother's joy and playmates' disgust.

Buck in time became the adored leader of the boys but even in this position managed to keep up his neat appearance. All the little girls worshipped at his shrine also, but King kept at a distance. Buck did not even notice her for all of his attentions were bestowed on Mary Elizabeth, the fair, while King, or rather Anne if you please, looked on in well-concealed agony.

King hated Buck but at the Sunday school party when he had gallantly offered her a chair she had been inexplicably thrilled. But the thrill was short-lived and absolutely vanished when she hit the floor instead of the chair that Buck had jerked back. Formerly King would have then and there sought revenge in a fistic engagement but Anne tried to be lady-like and sportsman-like at the same time. The result was a miserable failure. She tried to laugh with the others but when she saw that mocking grin on Buck Madison's face as he looked down at her from behind that disastrous chair, a choking lump rose in her throat. The tears that streamed out of her big brown eyes down the side of her saucy nose brought relief and her wails brought the hostess to her aid. She was ushered out of the room nursing a perfectly well arm while sobs of pretended pain issued forth. Nobody knew that they were heart-sobs instead. Oh, it was disgusting to see King Hilburn act like a baby.

And then one day King or rather Anne and the ever-faithful Mabel were walking along arm in arm in front of

the hardware store, chattering and giggling as only little girls can do, when they heard someone behind them whistle. They dared not look back but then "Sick 'em, Rags, sick 'em," shouted Buck Madison close behind and Anne looked back to see Rags, a favorite canine friend of hers, bound playfully at her heels. Now nobody was afraid of Rags and certainly King Hilburn was not afraid of a dog with whom she played and romped every day, but she screamed and fled into the store. Of course Mabel followed after, while Rags trotted along behind wagging his tail joyfully. In an undignified but quite feminine way they scrambled upon a counter and King in wails implored, "Oh! Mr. Lewis, make those awful boys go away! Oh, I didn't know that was Rags, and I was so scared!" She even got a tremble in her voice.

The awful boys who had been her devoted admirers a short while before looked at her in scorn and shook their puzzled heads in bewilderment. They moved off with the triumphant and amused Buck. And King and Mabel went indignantly on their way.

One morning in the early part of February King was skating in a dignified fashion to school. It was late and most of the children had gone into the school house. But at the edge of the wide cement walk that led up to the building stood Buck with a few of his admirers. King could never become accustomed to the strange fluttery feeling that she always had around her heart whenever she became conscious of Buck's presence. Nor could she understand it but it al-

(Continued on page 45)

In the Heart of the Everglades

TO the Seminole Indians of Florida much interest is attached due to the fact that here you find the original American in his native element. This small tribe of Indians perhaps are freer from the influences of the white man and civilization than any other in the states. This is due largely to the seclusion of his place of abode and the abundance of fish and game that abounds in the Everglades of Florida, their home, a region of mystery. It is located on the tip of the Florida peninsula and is the last portion of America to be intimately explored. The limestone rock upon which nature built Florida forms a huge shallow basin at this point, one hundred miles by seventy with a rim about twelve feet high. Within this basin nature has scattered here and there small islets and caused vegetable matter to decay and form a mantle of muck. In this muck grows a rank saw-edged grass, sometimes as high as ten feet, making it impossible for the white man to journey freely.

Through the rock floor and muck copious springs flow upward and the water from this source and the rains make a lake of palatable water within the basin.

Seminole is the Indian word for outlaw. It seems that early in the eighteenth century dissension arose among the Indians of Alabama, and a strong party seceded and invaded Florida, there they subjugated the surrounding tribes, whose strength had been broken by the Spaniards. The wild of the peninsular lured fugitive slaves from the Southern states of Georgia and Alabama, and the Seminoles harbored these slaves, not permit-

ting their owners to come and get them. When Florida was ceded to the United States an aggressive element of whites went in to possess the rich agricultural lands and showed little respect for the Indians' titles. This coupled with the old slave grievance started the Indian war which lasted seven years, cost the United States many lives and twenty millions of dollars, and the Indians, Florida, with the exception of that part known as the Everglades. It is estimated that one hundred warriors and two hundred squaws took refuge here and evaded deportation, forming the nucleus of the tribe that exists there to-day, friendly, but unconquered; the descendants of the only people that ever got the best of Uncle Sam in war.

The Seminoles, at present in the Everglades, probably do not number over four hundred due to ravages of the flu and measles. Those that have the temerity to travel this watery wilderness are apt to be disappointed at the signs of Indian life available in the vast expanse, because you can journey many miles and not see an Indian. They live in small, widely separated colonies that usually consist of several families. The colony in nothing more than a camp because in the warm even climate, dwellings are unnecessary, and the home is under a gable roof of palmetto thatch. The sides are open with the exception of the northern side which is covered in winter with a sheet or blanket. A large center table and a few boxes suffice as furniture. Community cooking is done in a large kettle under a shed in the center of the camp. The usual meal of stew meat and vegetables

is consumed a mouthful at a time from a spoon used in turn. However it is not considered ill mannered to use fingers if the brew is not too hot.

Both men and women wear long calico dresses of blue or brown that have bright bands of red or yellow. The squaws cherish colored beads of many colors as ornaments. A string of beads is given the lady girl on her first birthday, and also at each notable event of her life. It is said that some have acquired and worn around their neck as many as twenty pounds of beads. They always go bareheaded and barefooted. Some of the men are given clothes such as the whites wear, but due to their amphibious habits the trousers are discarded. The men visit the small towns nearby with shirt tails flowing. For some unknown reason the Indian will frequently wear half a dozen shirts at the same time.

The Indian men are prone to never put off until the morrow the loafing that can be done to-day, and hence his scanty crops of corn and sugar cane suffer. The cane juice is used to make whisky by means of a crude still. When under the influence of liquor the Seminole is quarrelsome among his own people but fears the white men. When a spree is started it is the fortune, or misfortune, of one of the Indians to stay sober to look after the others. The Seminole has the ability to cross the Everglades at will, which feat is a mystery to the white man.

On the truck farm of the white man adjacent to the glades—labor is scarce and the pay good, but the Indian thinks this work degrading, preferring the much harder, more hazardous task of hunting alligators and other wild game for their skins and fur. Before the wearing of the aigrette was made unlawful

this furnished the Indians with a most handsome income.

The Seminole is not ambitious to learn and it is told that one of them made inquiries about becoming educated and was discouraged when he learned that he could not acquire an education in two weeks.

Annually in June the Seminoles start with the new moon a celebration called the Corn Dance which lasts from ten to twenty days. On the night of the full moon they dance around the festal pole all night long. Most of the dancing is done in a walk, which is varied by jumping up and down at a given signal. Casualties are not uncommon when the liquor is too plentiful. On one occasion an Indian ran amuck and killed five before he himself was killed.

The tribes are ruled by a leader who demands unfailing obedience. If a reprieve is given a condemned man for the purpose of visiting town before being executed, he never fails to return at the appointed time. It is said that the leaders show real judgment in administering justice. One Indian was brought before the leader accused of deserting his lawful wife and marrying a widow who was many years his senior and had six children. The leader inflicted no additional punishment.

The rich muck lands of the Everglades are attracting the white man, and drainage projects are causing the Indian to worry over his future as they see the water receding, and the white man invading their wilderness home. Our government must soon make some provision for them, but negotiation will be hard for they think the white man unreliable, "he lie too much," they say.

—Contributed.

Freshman Times

By GLADYS LEWIS.

*To-day a Freshman enters,
The castle of her dreams,
She's welcomed at the station
She's greeted with a beam.
Old girls are kind to her—but
She's puzzled what to do
She knows that she's a Freshman
And sort of feels it too!*

*At opening days of school
She dashes in delight.
She lives in constant fear
Of missing something bright.
She strives to learn everything,—soon
The college year begun,
The Freshman year's completed,
A Sophomore she's become!*



The SUNrise

By MARGARET CUTTER, '24, *Instructor in Latin.*

IT is sometimes true that the whole of a thing may be greater than the sum of all its parts. This is usually true of all newspapers, and especially of the New York Sun. This paper has a history entirely apart from the history of any individual connected with it. The human participants simply do their parts, big or little, as they pass in an interesting procession. When they have contributed their parts, they disappear, and the Sun shines on just the same without them, except as they may have left their personal impress on the newspaper's structure or decoration.

The man who has left the greatest impress of all, in fact the one who made the Sun an institution able to endure without the aid of any one person, was Charles Anderson Dana, the Sun's greatest editor. The Sun had extraordinary ideals from the very first, when Benjamin H. Day, with no capital at all except youth and courage, established it as the first permanent penny newspaper, but it was left as the great life work of Dana to develop these ideals and give them personality.

The wealth of tradition that Dana had to work with when he became editor of the Sun may be understood from a brief description of the newspaper's earlier history.

The newspapers of the early thirties of the last century were six cent journals whose reading matter consisted of politics and whose only appeal to women was their size, perfectly convenient to line pantry shelves.

About this time, Dave Ramsey, a compositor on the Journal of Commerce, had an obsession. It was that a penny paper to be called the Sun, dealing with humanity in general, and not with politics, would be a great success. Benjamin Day, a printer associated with him, came to believe in the idea, and determined to found the Sun. As for capital, he had none at all except his printing press, but he had plenty of health, industry and character, and consequently "Sunrise" took place on September 3, 1833, at 222 William street. All the six penny papers poked fun at the little intruder, but for all their laughter they were to finally die. The size of the first Sun was only 11¼ by 8 inches, less than a quarter the size of to-day's Sun. There were three columns to each of the four pages and at the top of the first column on the front page was a modest announcement of the Sun's ambitions: "The object of this paper is to lay before the public, at a price within the means of everyone, all the news of the day, and at the same time, afford an advantageous medium of advertising." The news consisted of anything of interest, from the story of an Irish captain to the paragraph about a Vermont boy so addicted to whistling that he fell ill of it. Day quickly sold his first thousand copies, and so phenomenal was the paper's success that by November 18 its circulation had soared above 10,000 daily, and it was able to boast of the largest circulation of any paper in the city except the

Courier. The Sun proudly printed: "If the daily subscription of the Sun be not larger than that of the Times and Courier both, then may we be hung up by the ears and flogged to death with a rattlesnake's skin." And indeed it was not long before the Sun's circulation left that of Webb's Courier far behind.

In 1835 Day hired Richard Adams Locke as his assistant. That ingenious individual planned or rather plotted with Day on a means to bring great prosperity to the Sun, and the result was the famous "moon hoax." The Sun described in detail the story invented by Locke of the supposed discoveries by Sir John Herschel of the wonderful vegetation and man-bat inhabitants of the moon. The hoax was the greatest sensation ever made by any similar fiction either in America or Europe.

"From the epoch of the Hoax," wrote Poe, "the Sun shone with unmitigated splendor, and the penny system was firmly established."

Far greater than his dislike for Webb was Day's hatred and enmity for Bennett of the Herald, "whose only chance," Day said, "of dying an upright man will be that of hanging perpendicularly upon a rope." Consequently the Sun and the Herald were always exchanging verbal shots. As the Sun was not netting as much profit as it had formerly, Day in 1837 sold it for \$40,000 to his brother-in-law, Moses Yale Beach. "The silliest thing I ever did in my life," Day said of the sale later. Day is said to have found New York Journalism a pot of cold, stale water, and left it a boiling cauldron.

The era of Beach was also one of hustle. Various means were used in getting news,—Albany steamboats, horse

expresses, trotting teams, pigeons and the telegraph. Through care, good business sense and steady work Moses Beach amassed from the Sun what was then a handsome fortune, and retired in 1848, leaving the management in the hands of his two sons. During the Civil War, the Sun was one of the few entirely loyal newspapers of New York. Although unqualifiedly opposed to secession, the Sun did not believe that military coercion was the best means to prevent it. This was somewhat like Horace Greeley's advice in the Tribune—"Let the erring sisters go in peace." But when the Southern states did march out of the union, the Sun contemplated it with mingled grief and indignation. Of the assassination of Lincoln the Sun said: "In the death of Mr. Lincoln the Southern people have lost one of the best friends they had in the North," which proved to be true. January 25, 1868, the Sun passed from the hands of Moses S. Beach to Charles A. Dana, who was then 48 years old, and well-known to nearly all classes of people except the readers of the Sun.

And now a little about the early career of Dana. The important periods of his life are:

1. Boyhood and Youth.
2. Life at Brook Farm, Roxbury, Mass., 1842-4.
3. Managing Editor New York Tribune, 1847-61.
4. Government Service, 1862-5.
5. Editor Chicago Republican, 1866-8.
6. Editor and Chief Proprietor New York Sun, 1868 till death in 1897.

I shall tell something of each of these periods of his life, laying the greatest

stress, of course, on the time of his connection with the Sun.

Charles Anderson Dana was born in Hinsdale, N. H., August 8, 1819. His father was Anderson Dana, sixth in descent from Richard Dana the colonial settler; his mother was of straight Yankee stock. After the father failed in business he moved his family to Gaines, a village in western New York. Here Mrs. Dana died and the children were divided among the relatives. Charles was sent to live with his uncle, David Denison, on a farm in Connecticut River Valley. As there was a good teacher at the school near by, Charles knew as much at ten as most boys of fifteen, and by the time he was twelve he also knew some Latin. He was then considered ready to go to work. He was sent by stage coach to work at the store of his uncle, William Dana, in Buffalo, N. Y. There in his odd moments he continued his education, learning the Seneca language in order to converse with the Indian customers who came to the store. He was a normal healthy lad, even if he did know more Latin and Greek than he should. He had the usual brief ambition to be a soldier, but this passed away normally. He left Buffalo in 1839 to go to Harvard, but was only able to stay one term on account of lack of funds and trouble with his eyes.

In 1841 he became attracted by the Brook Farm experiment. "It was great fun," he said later of his life there. He took Brook Farm seriously, but not to the extent of wearing smocks and long hair. He is described at this time as a handsome slender youth with a full auburn beard. By day, he was busy teaching Greek and German, keeping the Brook Farm books, milking, waiting on

table, or caring for the fruit trees. He was the most useful man on the farm.

Miss Eunice Macdaniel came to the Farm with an ambition for the stage, but her destiny was to be Mrs. Dana. On March 2, 1846, in New York, Dana and Miss Macdaniel were married, and Dana's life of seclusion at Brook Farm came to an end. He went to work on the Boston Daily Chronotype for \$5 a week. In February, 1847, however, he went to New York and Horace Greeley made him city editor of the Tribune at \$10 a week. Later in that year Dana insisted on a raise and Greeley agreed to pay him the huge salary of \$14 a week, out in consideration of this advance Dana was obliged to give all his talents to the Tribune.

Dana had long secretly nursed a desire to see Europe, but he had a family to support in New York and his own way to pay. So he made an agreement with several papers, among them the Tribune, to send them each a letter a week. On the \$40 a week he received for five letters, he lived eight months in Europe, supported himself there and his family at home. The trip did wonders for Dana and he came back a wiser and better newspaperman. On his return he became managing editor of the Tribune and holder of five shares of stock. Greeley was the great man of the Tribune office, but Dana was the live wire. He and Greeley together made the Tribune the most powerful paper of the '50's, with a million readers. It soon became evident, however, that one newspaper was not large enough for both men. The sprightly and aggressive Dana and the ambitious and conservative Greeley found their paths more and more diverging, so Dana resigned. At this time he

was 43 years old and not rich. He was doubtless the best-equipped newspaperman in America, but there was no great place open for him then.

His Tribune work had attracted the attention of Edwin M. Stanton, who in 1862 offered Dana a government position as Assistant Secretary of War. During the war, Dana was sent to the front with Gen. Grant's army in order to send official reports of the war back to the government. "It has fallen to the lot of no other American," said General Wilson, "to serve as confidential medium of communication between army and government as did Dana in the War of the Rebellion."

July 1, 1865, Dana resigned his government position and went to Chicago to become editor of the Republican. He worked hard with his pen, but the paper had not enough backing to hold it up. After one year of it, Dana resigned, came East, and bought the New York Sun for \$175,000. He changed the appearance of the Sun overnight; he widened the columns, reduced the immense headlines, and gave to the editorial page the dignified form that it still possesses. In spite of the number of his financial associates, Dana was absolute. The men behind him realized the folly of dividing authority. General Wilson wrote in his biography of the editor: "Dana was the Sun, and the Sun, Dana." And no wonder! It took genius to enable a Republican to take over the Sun and make a hundred thousand mechanics and tradesmen, nearly all Democrats, like their paper, even better than before. This was the age of great personal journalists like Bennett, Greeley and Raymond;

so we see the type of men with whom Dana had to contend.

As to his management, Dana made no rules. The only rule in the Sun's office has ever been "Be Interesting!" His maxims were equally applicable to any other profession as to his own. They were:

Never be in a hurry.

Hold fast to the Constitution.

Stand by the Stars and Stripes.

A word that is not spoken never does any harm.

All the goodness of a good egg can not make up for the badness of a bad one.

If you have been wrong, don't fear to say so.

In other words, Don't loaf, Don't cheat, Don't dissemble, Don't bully, Don't be narrow, Don't grouch.

The Dana idea of news as once expressed to a young reporter was this: "When a dog bites a man, that is not news, because it happens so often. But if a man bites a dog, that is news." The Sun has always waited for the man to bite the dog.

Names of writers meant nothing to Dana. He judged on its own merits every story that came into the Sun's office. One day he held up a string of proofs—a long obituary of Bismarck who had just passed away. "Mr. Lord," he said to his managing editor, "isn't that a lot of space to give to a dead man?" Yet the next day he came from his office to the city editor's desk to inquire who had written a certain story two inches long, and upon learning, went over to the reporter who was the author. "Very good, young man, very good," he said,

(Continued on page 51)

October

By MARY K. READ.

*Ho! for blithe October,
When Autumn's banner flung
Like the scarf of a Gypsy dancer
O'er the maples scarlet hung,
Shimmers in grey-purple evening,
Or lives in the noon's clear sun.*

*Gone are the days of Summer,
Yet who shall moan their dirge?
There sunshine is stored in the harvest,
And the golden-rod meadows surge
'Neath a sky that is bluer than azure,
In air that throbs with new urge.*

*Laughter rings gayer and louder,
And tears are as soft as rain;
Hearts thrill to the glory of color
With joy that is nearer pain.
All earth shouts a rapturous paean,
For Autumn is here again!*



Exchange Department

By FRANCES CATER.



ONCE again does the Exchange Department of the Wesleyan make its formal bow to the public.

The spreading of the fame and name of the Alma Mater throughout every part of the United States where Wesleyan College, located at Macon, Georgia, is unknown shall be the dominant spirit and ideal that will guide this department throughout the year. A "Greater Wesleyan" is the goal of every Wesleyanne and the Exchange endeavors to help this plan along by sending into the foremost institutions of the country a magazine carrying with it the hopes, ideals, thoughts, and works of a true Wesleyan girl.

The Wesleyan wishes to reach a wider field of circulation this year than it has ever reached before in its history and it is with such an ideal in view that this department will send out more than the usual number of copies for exchange. It desires to exchange its publication with magazines of other institutions whose students are also striving to offer literary work worthy of note.

With a "Greater Wesleyan for the Future" aim the Exchange Department hopes to help in making the Wesleyan magazine one worthy to carry the praise of the "oldest and best."

Catch-All

By FRANCES HORNER.

A WORD TO THE FRESHMEN.

Ah, well do I remember
The thirteenth of September,
'Twas just a year ago, or was it two?
I ventured forth to college
With my superficial knowledge,
And found myself disgruntled, same as
you.

But, cheer up Freshmen lassies
For the Freshman year soon passes
And you'll be the sadder still when it
is o'er;
Just give this year its measure
And have your fill of pleasure
For you'll miss it ever after, more and
more.

* * * * *

She: "Do you see that man over
there? I wouldn't speak to him if I
met him on the street."

Her: "Why not?"

She: "I don't know him."

—Exchange.

* * * * *

Soph: "How would you pronounce
bac-ka-che—, back-a-shee or back-a-shey?
I've heard the question discussed very
often but have never heard the correct
answer."

Fresh: "Well-er-, why really I've
heard it pronounced both ways. How
would you pronounce it?"

Soph: "Backache."

* * * * *

"Oh, Betty, some one has taken my
cold cream."

"Maybe it was vanishing cream."

—Missouri Showme.

FAMOUS LIGHTS IN HISTORY.

Marco Polo—The man who origi-
nated the well-known American sport.

Christopher Columbus—A famous
man named after Columbus, Georgia.

French Revolution—Pronunciation in
any French class after a summer vaca-
tion.

Congress of Vienna—Where the fa-
mous sausage was first made.

Diet of Frankfort—Recommended to
all thin people.

* * * * *

Senior: "Why does a stork stand on
one foot?"

Soph: "I'll bite. Why does it?"

Senior: "Because, if he lifted his
other foot he would fall down."

—Sandspur.

* * * * *

Little Benny had a fit

It didn't hurt the boy a bit

His mother didn't notice it

In fact it was a benefit.

—Exchange.

* * * * *

Someone asked her to the "Pharm,"

For fear the ground was wetter—

She did upon the scene appear

With hiking shoes and sweater.

* * * * *

Teacher: "Take this sentence: 'Let
the cow be taken out of the lot.' What
mood?"

Pupil: "The cow."

—Tiger.

Hugh Percy to His Lady Love

By MARY K. READ

*Had I the gift of a thousand tongues
And myriad pens—
And oceans of ink,
There are only three words that together I'd link:
I love you.*

*Or if I could carol like sweet Philomel,
In moonlight still
My song would be
An exquisite marvel of melody:
I love you.*

*If I were the prince in an old romance,
With a gallant air,
And an ancient realm—
* * * * **

*But I'm only—Just I, and I can't seem to tell
How I love you.
(But I do!)*

Chihuahua

By FRANCES DAVANT

CHAPTER I.

"Father, I believe Gray is receiving smuggled goods at that abominable store of his. You know how it is situated on that ledge just over the sea, and I'm sure I heard a boat down there again last night. Added to all the other things we have against him, that is absolutely the limit." Young Dick Burton looked at his father with righteous indignation flashing from his brown eyes.

"Perhaps you were mistaken, Dick. It may have been some of the Bermejans in their boats."

"If it was some of the natives they were drunk with that vile whisky Gray sells. Father, I wish we could do something about him. If it wasn't for his powerful influence over the people you could win a great many of them to our religion, and benefit the island in every way."

"We must not lay all the blame upon him, my son. The grim shadow of Chihuahua is always present, blotting out the light. The religion of that old goddess is typified by the volcano which bears her name. There it stands, towering over the island with smouldering wrath ready to burst into active hostility at the least disturbance, just as these superstitious children who blindly follow the precepts of their ancestors who have worshipped Chihuahua since time immemorial." Dr. Burton, sitting with his young son on the vine-covered porch of his little bungalow, looked thoughtfully off into the distance, where the great volcano could be seen, from which rose clouds of black vapor.

"It makes me mad all the way through because so few of these stupid, ignorant, lazy, superstitious Islanders have realized what you have done for them and how much more you could do if they would only give you the chance. You've spent the best part of your life among them, teaching them, and working with them, and they haven't shown a spark of gratitude in all that time." Dick's gaze, too, was directed toward Chihuahua, but it was full of defiance and hatred, and he looked as though he were ready to fight if anything in tangible form should present itself.

Dr. Burton's kind brown eyes looked into those of his only son with just a shade of reproach. "You forget Kalohi, Big Ben, and all the others who have been so faithful to us."

Both men turned as the screen door opened and Mrs. Burton came out on the porch. They brightened up immediately, and Dick drew up a chair for her beside theirs. She was the kind of woman who carried cheer with her wherever she went, as well as comfort and help. The whole village loved and respected her, even though they were not willing to forsake their religion for hers.

"What can make you both so very solemn and thoughtful on this beautiful evening? No trouble in our little flock, I hope," she said, with a questioning glance at her husband.

"Nothing in particular, but the ingratitude of the Islanders in general, Mother. Father was just reminding me that we have a few good friends among

them at least. I believe I see two of the best out on the beach now."

Each member of the little party on the porch turned to see two splendid looking men coming toward them with a basket of fish, freshly caught. One of the men looked to be about twenty-three or twenty-four, nearly the same age as the boy on the porch. He was tall, graceful, and well-proportioned, with smooth dark skin, flashing white teeth, and brown eyes as soft and faithful as a dog's. He was Kalohi, son of Kimo, chief of the Island of Bermeja. The other man was almost a giant, being a good deal above the average height and with a body of prodigious strength. His costume consisted of a pair of blue trousers with the legs rolled up, and a large alarm clock hung around his neck on a piece of rope. It was this article, in which he took great pride, which had given him his nick-name of "Big Ben."

"Hello, Kalohi," said Dick. "You and Ben have been very industrious this afternoon, judging by the signs."

"We thought perhaps Mrs. Burton might like some fresh fish, so we brought her these." Kalohi spoke perfect English as a result of the teaching he had received from Dr. and Mrs. Burton. Ever since they had first come to the island when Dick was only five years old, the two boys had been inseparable companions, and together they had been educated by the missionary and his wife.

At a sign from Kalohi, Dick walked down the beach with him, leaving Ben at the bungalow. When they were out of ear-shot of the house, Kalohi said, "I've found something, Dick! You know you've heard a boat once or twice by the ledge under Gray's store? Last night I searched that ledge from top to

bottom, and in one of the deep fissures, overgrown with bushes, there is an entrance which I believe leads to a cellar, or something of the sort, under the store. I couldn't investigate very far without a light, but I thought perhaps you would go down there with me to-night. There is to be a sacred festival to Chihuahua, so there won't be many of my people around."

Dick gave Kalohi a resounding thwack on the back. "I knew that wasn't all my imagination. I'm ready to catch that old wretch the first chance I get. To-morrow the government boat makes its monthly visit. Let's try our very best to get him in time to hand him over to the authorities then."

"I'll come by here about one o'clock to-night and call under your window. We can go there without detection at that time, I think. Are you going to tell Dr. Burton of your plans?"

Dick thought for a minute and then shook his head. "Father wouldn't let us go down there alone, I don't believe, though he is as anxious as we are to show Gray up. It would worry both him and Mother to death to know we were even planning to do such a thing. I guess I'll just have to slip out and do it, though I hate to think about sneaking around them like that. It seems to be the only way, however, so we'll let it stand at that. I'll be ready at one o'clock."

(To be continued)

Absent-minded to the Last.—"The celebrated professor died and his coffin was laid out in the churchyard. But in the night he forgot that he was dead, got up and went home."

—From "Karikaturen."

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AND BEHOLD—

(Continued from page 7)

not see the slight curl to Phil's lip or the peculiar gleam in his eye.

* * * * *

"Mammy!"

There was no answer. Mammy's lips were pursed ominously, her hair screwed tight, all of which went to prove that she was in a very bad humor.

"Mammy, I'm—married and I'm—going to Boston."

"Whas dat you say? Married, huh! Who to?"

"Mr. Marsden, Mammy."

"Huh, gwine to Bawston is you? 'Dat so!" she commented scathingly.

"Yes, Mammy. I—I'm going to Savannah to-morrow to catch the boat. I'm already packed. I—I hate to leave you. You've been—oh, I can't express it—oh-h-h—" and she ended in a wail.

"Leave me, huh? Well, Ah jess gess not. Me an' Peter Paul, we's gwine too. Yah thinks we ain' seen yah was a plan-nin' sumpun. We's packed same as you, Missus Joan. When yer Ma died, I promise her to keer fur you—an' I has. I still gwine do so, moneys nor no moneys. No telling what dem Yankees up thar 'ill do ter yuh. Yuh jest got to tek us too, Miss Joan!"

"But, Mammy—"

"But nuthin! Dat's settled. Me an dat cat'll be ready Mis Marsden, ma'am," Mammy's sarcasm was very biting and Joan submitted as usual.

Phil put them on the boat laughing inwardly at the picture of his father's face when he saw his new daughter-in-law. He wrote his father the bald facts; and straightway sailed for Bombay.

It was a frightened pair who paused at the door of the beautiful Marsden home—a small girl dressed in hand-me-downs of years gone by, and a towering all-protective Mammy. At least Mammy was aristocratic looking in her stiff white apron and starched bandana. She held Peter Paul firmly in a parrot cage and pressed the bell.

"Who shall I say?" asked Burton with superiority.

"Missis Marsden and maid," Mammy had not forgotten her training of better days.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsden felt their hearts sink when they saw their daughter-in-law. This—the obnoxious creature! How could Phil do such a thing? But they were thoroughbreds and took her in; Mammy, Peter Paul and all.

Then started a series of radical changes for Joan. She was massaged, brushed, and manicured to the extent of exhaustion and deep was her despair at the seemingly lack of effect that all this had on her appearance for she knew that she could never sing before an audience until she could make a pleasing appearance, without squinting it must be and with an engaging smile. She practiced long hours before the mirror to eliminate these defects.

And behold—after four years of rigid training under Miss Moreland, her severe English governess; under Chalif, her voice master; and under dear Mrs. Marsden herself Joan Marsden became a beautiful, self-possessed young woman.

Her dull, lifeless hair now shone like burnished gold, she had overcome the squint, and her mouth just naturally curved into a gentle smile, trained by kindness.

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She had learned a great lesson, that of thinking deeply and saying little. People regarded her as a polished woman, and respected her every word. Young Mrs. Marsden made her debut into Boston society with as much charm and grace as a daughter of the old families. Her girl friends adored her.

Donald Burnside, Editor of the Boston *Herald*, fell in love for the first time—and with Mrs. Marsden. Her deep silences piqued him, he valued her words always; and her fair coloring and wonderful hair thrilled him. Mrs. Marsden thought Donald quite an entertaining young man.

Through her growing popularity, Joan never forgot her early life and eventful marriage which had brought her all this. She thought often of her husband and wondered where he was.

Meanwhile over in Paris Phil was growing exceedingly restless. Was it the spring weather—or was it caused by a picture he had seen recently in the *New York Times*. "Young Mrs. Philip Marsden in her garden. Mrs. Marsden sang at——"

What was happening over there anyway? He felt childishly "left out." His mother never mentioned Joan since the first shocked and despairing letter. How beautiful she was! Surely this could not be Joan; the awkward, ugly little girl that he remembered. This gorgeous person was a self-possessed woman whom he did not know. Hang it! He was going home. Joan might be angry because only six years had passed—he hardly knew what to expect now—but Phil was going home!

Phil ran up the steps in his eagerness to see them, but he hesitated in the hall. What was that he heard? Yes, it was

the same song that had introduced him to Joan; the same voice, but how different. It still had its poignant sweetness, but it did not waver now. Each note was a perfectly matched pearl.

He walked softly into the library and saw her—dressed simply in a clinging black gown with a string of delicate pearls about her white throat. Her eyes were dreamy and a smile played about her lips—she was wholly captivating.

"Why J-Joan," it was Phil that stammered this time.

There was none of the expected awkward greeting of glad surprise—no blushes. Instead it was a very cool self-possessed young person who answered this greeting.

"And how are you Mr. Marsden? Did you have a pleasant trip home?"

Phil did the obvious thing simply because he could not help it. He fell in love with his wife, this beautiful new Joan whom he did not know. He was in despair hourly. He watched her jealously whenever a man so much as glanced her way. He felt that he could kill Burnside. Joan was friendly with him, but then she was equally friendly with Donald. She was so calm, so silent, so indifferent. What was the real Joan like?

He learned to value every word she gave him, every confidence that she made. Once in one of their strange friendly conversations she told him of her love of solitude.

"I would like a stout little cabin high on a hill top, not too comfortable. One that could resist storms. I would love to be there with the snow falling, and a big fire blazing. I would want my book and perhaps a dog for company. That is my idea of happiness."

"You would not want anyone else? One who would understand when you did not want to talk, and one who would say the right thing when you did?" asked Phil.

"Well, perhaps, yes," she conceded, "but those companions are very hard to find, don't you think? I think I could depend on my dog more than on a person."

* * * * *

Phil, himself, was much changed these days. He had lost his audacity of seven years ago before this new Joan. It was a very humble man who stood before her, not daring to resent her indifference.

But was she indifferent? Mammy could have told Phil many things. How Joan changed frocks because he liked the mauve; how she sobbed meaninglessly when she thought no one was looking. Ah, yes, Mammy was exceedingly wise.

One day in the late fall they were out riding when Phil's horse stumbled and fractured his leg. Fate was with Phil, for they were very near a certain little cabin. The gods had tossed him a chance, and Phil prayed that he might not fumble it.

He directed Joan on, saying he would

follow presently. She hurried into the cabin as a storm broke. Just such a storm as Phil would have wanted. She lit a candle that she saw on the table with matches found there. Turning, Joan looked about her wonderingly. The walls were lined with books; not new ones but old friends. There were two winged chairs, comfy beyond words. A fire was laid ready for lighting. Joan stooped and lit it.

Somehow it was all so strangely familiar; the cushions, the book. In a jumble of thoughts it dawned on her at last. Phil had done this for—could it be her; was this her very own stout little cabin from dreamland?

She sank into one of the chairs and just cried, woman-like, without reason. Phil stood on the threshold taking off his coat. "Some gale"—he began. His heart pounded at sight of the quiet little figure in the big chair. He strode over to her and for a moment rested his hand on her shining hair.

"Joan——"

Joan smiled into his eyes tremulously, and with a humility born of suffering Phil opened wide his arms. Joan Marsden walked unhesitatingly into them.

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THE BLACK REBEL.

(Continued from page 10)

"Do you think it is possible for you to get them?"

"I denknow, sir, 'case Marse Henry been mighty keefful with dem keys." Poor Uncle Murray was frightened almost to death because at this very minute all the keys were on a ring in his overalls pocket.

"Well, if you haven't procured those keys and haven't brought us some food in two days you will be hanged at sunrise on the third day. Remember, food in two days or you will be hanged!"

With these words Major Rosencranz mounted his horse and rode away with his guard.

Uncle Murray was too dumbfounded to speak. This was the second time in the last two hours that he had been emphatically commanded. He would obey both of them and although he would carry food to the Northern camp, he would not tell anything. If he did not carry the food, he would be hanged and if he stole it from his master, he would be a traitor. Finally he decided to take his own provisions and what he could get from the other slaves.

The next day little Maria went walking. She had always gone alone as she was known and loved by everyone in this community. No one deemed it necessary to warn her not to go near the Northern camp, so before she knew it she had walked right into a bunch of soldiers.

"What is your name, little girl?" asked a big red-faced man.

"I am a big girl, thank you. I am ten years old and my name of Maria Tharpe."

"Are you Henry Tharpe's daughter?"

"No, sir, I am his granddaughter and I live with him while my daddy is fighting."

"I think, little lady, that Major Rosencranz wants to see you."

"He was not expecting me, and anyhow I must go home."

She turned towards home but someone caught her arm and pulled her back. This frightened Maria because she had never before been handled in this rough way. She began to cry but the soldier paid no heed and carried her on to Major Rosencranz's headquarters. The major spoke kindly to the little girl.

"Stop crying, girlie, we are not going to hurt you. We just want you to answer a few questions, truthfully."

Maria did not speak because she was trying to swallow her sobs.

"Do you know where the Southern camp is?" he asked.

"Major, here is that old negro with the provisions," broke in the orderly.

"Well, send him in and I will settle with him."

In a few minutes Uncle Murray appeared in the tent. Maria stopped crying immediately because she thought that he had come to take her home. He did not see the little girl but spoke directly to the major. "I've got your things out yonder in the wagon. When you want me ter bring mo'?"

"Bring some more day after to-morrow but don't leave yet I want to speak with you."

"Yas sir."

"Do you know this little girl?" For the first time Uncle Murray noticed Maria.

"Baby, what is you doing here?"

"She was brought here by some of my

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men and I am going to keep her until she tells me something."

"Ain't no use to keep dis here po' little innocent girl, 'case she don't know nothin' 'bout armies. You better let me carry her on home wid me."

"Please, Uncle Murray, take me home," cried the child.

"I suppose you might as well take her on then if she knows nothing. Before you leave I want to know if you know where the Southern camp is located."

"Ha! Ha! You know dat I don't know 'cause dey don't tell us niggers nothin' 'bout dey camps." Still chuckling over the way he had evaded more questions, he led Maria to the wagon and helped her in.

On the way home Uncle Murray made Maria solemnly promise not to mention his being at the camp as his master would think him a traitor. By the time they reached the house Uncle Murray had taught Maria exactly what to say.

The people in the neighborhood had seen Uncle Murray going to the Northern camp and thought that he had betrayed them. This aroused their anger even to do murder, and so forming a mob they decided to lynch this faithful old slave. Marse Tharpe was not told of the plans.

That night about twelve o'clock a great mob, hungry for the blood of a traitor, made its way to the old negro's cabin. Maria was awakened by the yells and screams.

"Mammy, what is that noise? Why are they crying, 'Murder him! Kill him!' everywhere?"

"Honey chile, these here people think

that po' Uncle Murray Tuggle done betrayed 'em to the Yankees so——"

"Why?"

"Because, baby, they seed him going to de camp tother day so they's gonna kill him."

"Kill him! But, Mammy, they can't," and with that she slipped from her Mammy's arms and was out of the big house before the old colored woman could gather her wits together.

Maria ran down the dark lane and on to Uncle Murray's cabin. A rope was hanging from the lower limb of the big oak tree in the yard. The mob was just preparing to "string him up" when Maria ran into the yard.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried every step that she took, not a whit dismayed at the lurid sight before her. The mob was stayed and looked at her inquiringly. When she had fully regained her breath she spoke:

"He didn't do anything. He just saw 'em carrying me into that Yankee tent and so he came to take me home. That's all."

The last words seemed so like a dismissal that after Uncle Murray had been freed, the crowd dispersed. No one remained but Uncle Murray and Maria.

"Chile, why did you tell that whopper for me?"

"It wasn't no whopper, Mandy told me all about those ole Yankees making you get 'em some food and how you got it. You didn't tell the enemies anything so they oughn't to mob you."

The entire story was never told until years after Uncle Murray was dead. Then the people realized the hard tests of loyalty which some of the slaves had to withstand.

KING O' HEARTS.

(Continued from page 24)

ways came. It must be because she hated and feared him so.

Buck was busily engaged in conversation with his comrade as King approached and was apparently unconscious of her existence. Just as she skillfully turned into the walk, all unnoticed by the others, Buck kicked a board, that was lying at his feet, in King's path. She fell sprawling with the weight of her whole body on her right arm. There was an awful pain in that arm and soon she saw crowds of people coming towards her and then the pain suddenly stopped and consciousness left her.

When King opened her eyes she discovered that she was in the principal's office and wondered if after all of that time she had been in another fight. But there was Buck Madison and he was crying like she had "beat 'im up good"—he was coming over toward her.

"Oh, Anne! K-King! I'm sorry! I-I-I didn't mean to hurt you," he stammered remorsefully, between sobs.

And then King remembered for her arm was hurting terribly. It surely looked funny to see Buck Madison crying like that and then over her little face, white and drawn with pain, a bright smile flashed and Buck knew that he was forgiven.

On the fourteenth of February the third and fourth grades had a Valentine post-office the last period of school and Mabel Jones wondered when she saw King open and read a big red heart-shaped message, why she blushed so. And why she put all the others aside and just gazed at that one? And then hold it so close to her with her left arm

that was not in a sling? And why did she close her eyes and smile so funny? The smile was kind o' sad, and kind o' glad, but most of all it was kind o' triumphant.

Mabel just didn't understand!

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SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

(Continued from page 13)

had not received a letter from her lover in a long time, made still longer by anxious waiting. Could all those sweet dreams of love have been false? How much a flower, a smile, a word from Jayme had meant to her. Her castles in the air had been built on little things and they were breaking down. She prayed but with little faith; doubts had crept into her mind from waiting for an answer so long.

She buried her head in her hands and wept. Suddenly she heard a gentle voice and turning she looked into the kind brown eyes of a Sister of Mercy.

"My daughter, the world has too strong a hold on your affections; give it up and you will be happy! Grief is sent into our lives to remind us of our

The Macon Daily Telegraph

Wesleyan's Newspaper

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duties toward God and mankind. There are many who suffer more than you do. Try to help them, and then if you trust in God, you will be happy."

To Marietta's soul, which was thirsting for rest, those words were like a balm. After that day, Marietta sought consolation for her grief in aiding those who suffered more than she.

But Sr. Carvalho's disappointment was bitter and ere long he betook himself to another world to try to better his dispersed fortunes there. Marietta, alone, returned to Rio to live with an old aunt. One afternoon she visited the place near the chapel of Nossa Senhora da Gloria where she had been with Jayme on the day of his departure.

Shadow after shadow was creeping into the valley, which but a few moments ago had been flooded with light. Thus softly, slowly, shawods had crept into her

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life. A few hours from now dawn would break on this scene, but the hope of the dawn of happiness was gone for her. She was in one of those listless moods when one does not expect anything from the world. Shadow after shadow would come into her life as it had come before and then, there would come night and rest. The golden mountain-peaks and the softly colored evening sky were fading, fading. The waves stretched languidly on the shore as if urged on, against their will, by an unknown force. The feathery leaves of the palm trees did not stir; they were wearied from standing in the sun all day and longed for the dew and the refreshing shadows of night. The monotonous song of a cricket far, far away seemed to lull nature to sleep. With love gone from her life what else could Marietta long for but rest, refreshing rest? She longed to go to sleep with everything around her. Oh, why could not the whole weary world go to sleep like that? Scenes in the dark dwellings of the poor rose before her. Little feverish beings tossing about on hard beds, vainly longing for rest; weary eyes, which seemed to have forgotten what rest meant, waited beside them. Why did not the shadows, the soft shadows of the valley bring them rest as they brought rest to nature?

One by one the lights were appearing in the valley, throwing quivering, yellow streaks on the water. One by one scenes from her past rose in her memory. They seemed far, far away, as having taken place in another world. She saw the smiling face of a youth handing her some white flowers with a confident smile. Why had he smiled so confidently? Didn't his love, like the flowers, darken

into passion, and wither like they had withered? She recoiled before this thought. Then came remembrances of her father. How tenderly he had loved her. If only his thoughts about money had not troubled him! Was it not enough that this financial disaster should have estranged her sweetheart from her? Had it to kill her father too? Thoughts of her father reminded her that she had brought his diary with her. She opened it. Her eyes filled with tears as she read references to herself as "My own Marietta, the only consolation of my life." But what was this about her letters to Jayme? Marietta started!

"It is sad, but it is true," the text read, "there is no happiness without money! My friends have deserted me one by one. No, I do not want Jayme to desert my darling in that way. He must not know that we are poor! I will recover all and then she will be happy. I am sorry I deceived her, but it is better for her that Jayme should not receive those letters." Marietta stopped. Then it had not been Jayme's fault after

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all! Now she realized that her love for him was not dead as she had thought. Where in the world was he? She wanted to write to him now, just now! He must think she had forgotten him; she had not written in so long. For a moment Jayme's love seemed the only worthy aim of her life. She bitterly revolted against her father's pride! Why had he not told her the truth? Yes, his pride would never have allowed him to tell her. Was pride enough reason to sacrifice her like that?

But Marietta was too much accustomed to reverencing her father to remain long in this state of mind. Some good spirit within her whispered how much her father had loved her. Why, even his anxiety to become rich again had for its sole aim her happiness. She could not harbour those dark thoughts about her father. With a heart torn by contending passions she buried her head in her hands and wept bitterly. After a long while she lifted her head. A feeling of numbness came over her. It was dark now. Mists had shut the light of the valley from view. The dark grotesque mountains seemed like beings risen from the underworld. Far, far away she could hear the moaning of the surge. A wind whispered strange sounds into her ear. But for someone she loved to be with her now! A hand to caress her! A voice in soft mellow tones to call her name! But Marietta had too much faith to abandon herself to despair. She kneeled down and prayed aloud: "Dear Father in Heaven, bring my Jayme back to me, as he left me." She felt a light touch on her shoulder. A voice whispered, "Marietta." She turned. Her prayer had been answered.

THE SUNRISE.

(Continued from page 31)

pointing to the item. "I wish I could write like that."

He was also a patient man. Once a clerk in the New York post-office copied by hand Edward Everett Hale's story, "The Man Without a Country," and offered it to the Sun as original matter for \$100. Someone suggested to Dana that the unfortunate man be exposed. "No," said Dana. "Mark it 'respectfully declined' and send it back to him. He has been honest enough to enclose postage stamps."

Dana was interested in everything, read everything, and saw almost everybody. His own office was almost as free as the great main office of the Sun, where sat everybody from the managing editor to the office boy. That this is not always a desirable plan is illustrated by the following story told about Dana. One night the city editor rushed into his chief's room. "Mr. Dana," he said, "there's a man out there with a cocked revolver. He is very much excited and insists on seeing the editor-in-chief."

"Is he very much excited?" inquired Dana, returning to the proof he was reading. "If you think it is worth while, ask Amos Cummings if he will see the gentleman and write him up."

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Mr. Dana was very liberal in giving alms. Almost every day, when he sent a boy to a nearby restaurant for his sandwich and bottle of milk he would give him a \$5 bill and instruct him to bring the change all in silver. He liked to jingle the coins in his pocket and have them ready for almsgiving.

It has sometimes been thought that Dana wrote everything that appeared on the editorial page while he was editor, and this mistaken idea was a constant source of amusement to Dana. It is not easy to identify the editorials that appeared under the Dana regime, because his spirit so greatly permeated everything on the page.

Among Dana's first big news men were Amos Cummings, who is still remembered for his terrific swearings, and Willard Bartlett who created the famous office cat.

Within four years after Dana became

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master of the Sun, all his famous rivals had passed, and he found himself the dominant figure of the American newspaper field.

The first ten years of his service on the Sun were marked by the uprooting of many public evils, such as the whisky ring. The Sun fearlessly attacked fraud and exposed scandal, wherever it was found.

The Sun, always advocating human interest, greatly increased its appeal by such features as the column of "Sunbeams" and the personal interview which Bennett had made popular. The Sunbeams column was crowded with the wit and wisdom of the world, expressed in the tersest manner. For instance:

"The mules are all dying in Arkansas,

"A printer in Texas has named his firstborn Brevier Fullfaced Jones.

"Queen Victoria says that every third woman in Cork is a beauty.

"The pope denounces short dresses."

The Sun has always had the ability to attract to its offices men of imagination and talent, like Edward P. Mitchell, Wm. O. Bartlett, and Frank P. Church, the latter being the author of the most popular editorial article ever written, "Is There a Santa Claus?"

When yellow journalism came into its brief reign, Dana denounced it vehemently, not from jealousy, but because, with its colored news, exaggeration, and pilfered pictures, it stood for the very principles the Sun most abhorred.

After the Sun's financial success was assured, Dana went abroad frequently. He knew a dozen different languages. He conversed with the Pope about Dante and the Russian peasants about Tolstoi. At home his chief amusement was the collection of pottery and pictures. His

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"The Fast Set"

OCTOBER 30-NOVEMBER 1

MARY PICKFORD IN

*"Dorothy Vernon
of Haddon Hall"*

NOVEMBER 3-5

MONTE BLUE IN

*"Deburan, Lover
of Camille"*

NOVEMBER 6-8

GLORIA SWANSON IN

"Wages of Virtue"

NOVEMBER 10-11

NORMA TALMADGE IN

"Secrets"

NOVEMBER 13-15

ANTONIO MORENO IN

"The Border Legion"

Chinese porcelains were perhaps the best in the Occident. After his death they were sold at public auction for nearly \$200,000.

Dana's happiest days were spent at his country place, Dosoris, on the north shore of Long Island. There he made roads and flower-beds to his heart's content. He grew an oak from an acorn brought from the tomb of Confucius. He knew Gray's Botany almost by heart and could give an intimate description of every flower in the Dosoris gardens. His interest in plants was so great that while traveling in Cuba, he once led his companion for hours through the hot hills of Vuelta Albajo in order to satisfy himself that a certain species of pine did not grow there.

Dana's was a normal healthy life. He was a good horseman and swimmer and a great walker. When he was 75 years old, he climbed to the top of Croyden Mountain in New Hampshire with a party of younger men puffing behind him.

He was never ill until his last summer. With him there was no slow decay of body and mind. He died at Dosoris on October 17, 1897, in the thirtieth year of his reign over the Sun.

A few years before, John Swinton, observing an obituary that his chief was writing, asked him how much space he

(Swinton), would get when his time came.

"For you, John, two sticks," said Dana. "For me, two lines."

And so it proved.

On the morning after Dana's death, every newspaper but one in New York printed columns about the career of the dean of American journalism. The Sun printed only ten words, and these were at the head of the editorial column without a heading:

"Charles Anderson Dana, editor of the Sun, died yesterday afternoon."

This was not false modesty. It was significant of the success of Dana's whole life work. The chief of the Sun had passed, but as a result of his work, the Sun was enabled still to shine on.

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ALUMNAE LINKS.

(Continued from page 19)

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Ouida Johnson, teaching in Brunswick;

Nell Lester, teaching in Vienna;

Mildred McCrory is secretary to Prof. Maerz at Wesleyan;

Elizabeth Maddox, teaching in Springfield;

Elizabeth Malone, teaching in Jonesboro, Ark;

Mary T. Maxwell, teaching in LaFayette;

Julia Newton, teaching in Douglasville;

Quinette Prentiss, teaching in Marshallville;

Winnifred Rosser, teaching in Cuthbert;

Ruth Oliver, teaching in Bedridge, Ala.;

Lucia Sammons, teaching in Macon;

Virginia Thomas, teaching in Andrew College;

Roline Trimble, teaching in East Point;

Mary Van Valkenburg, teaching in LaFayette;

Kathleen Bardwell, teaching in Candler College, Cuba;

Honorine Bollinger, teaching in Macon public schools;

Sara Branch, teaching in Atlanta;

Helen Kilpatrick, teaching in Macon;
Frances Wooten, teaching in Waverly, Ala.

And then Elizabeth Rogers is teaching in Sandersville; Blanche Cooper is teaching in Tampa. We almost have a Wesleyan club at the University of Georgia. Karen Lester, Norma Claire Parker, Olive Quillian and Victoria Cohen are there. Kwe Yuin Kiang is studying at Peabody and Mamie Jones is at Emerson School of Oratory. . . And, do you know any more?

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